Quee. What would she haue?

Gent. She ſpeaks much of her Father, ſayes ſhe heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enuiouſly at ſtrawes, ſpeaks things in doubt
That carry but halfe ſence, her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the vnſhaped vſe of it doth moue
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as winks and nods, and geſtures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing ſure, yet much vnhappily.

Hora. T'were good ſhe were ſpoken with, for ſhe may ſtrew
Dangerous coniectures in ill-breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. 'To my ſicke ſoule, as ſins true nature is,
'Each toy ſeemes prologue to ſome great amiſſe,
'So full of artleſſe iealouſie is guilt,
'It ſpills it ſelfe, in fearing to be ſpilt.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Maieſty of *Denmark*?

Quee. How now *Ophelia*. *She ſings.*

Ophe. How ſhould I your true loue know from another one,
By his cockle hat and ſtaffe, and his Sendall ſhoone.

Quee. Alaſſe ſweet Lady, what imports this ſong?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone, *Song.*
At his head a graſſe greene turph, at his heeles a ſtone.
O ho.

Quee. Nay but *Ophelia*.

Oph. Pray you marke. White his ſhrowd as the mountain ſnow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alaſſe looke here my Lord.

Ophe. Larded all with ſweete flowers,
Which bewept to the ground did not go *Song.*
With true loue ſhowers.

King. How do you pretty Lady?

Oph. VVell good dild you, they ſay the Owle was a Bakers daughter, Lord we know what we are, but know not what wee may be; God be at your table.

King.

3 hart 9 as her vinches

17 So would